

MARVEL



PLUS:
CAP + CYCLOPS

017

Q: Oh, sorry, I didn't see you there.
A: You didn't SEE ME?! You didn't see the BEST comic where one AVENGER teams up with one X-MAN for ADVENTURES APLENTY, A+X?!?
Q: ...yeah. Like I said, I'm sorry, I was looking at my phone, and—
A: Your PHONE? Does your PHONE promise you not one but TWO chronicles of SUPER-POWERED FRIENDSHIP?!?
Q: ...no?
A: Then it's UNLIKELY your PHONE can tell you about the time the young X-Man alien BROO job-shadowed Avenger Tony Stark, the INVINCIBLE IRON MAN!
Q: I guess not.
A: In that case, I am CERTAIN your PHONE has NO IDEA about the continuing adventures of CAPTAIN AMERICA and CYCLOPS, brought together to find some ROGUE SKRULLS, but now realizing their real enemy is DOCTOR DOOM!
Q: Look, I said I was sorry.
A: NOT YET, YOU AREN'T! Now read this comic!



IRON MAN

+

BROO

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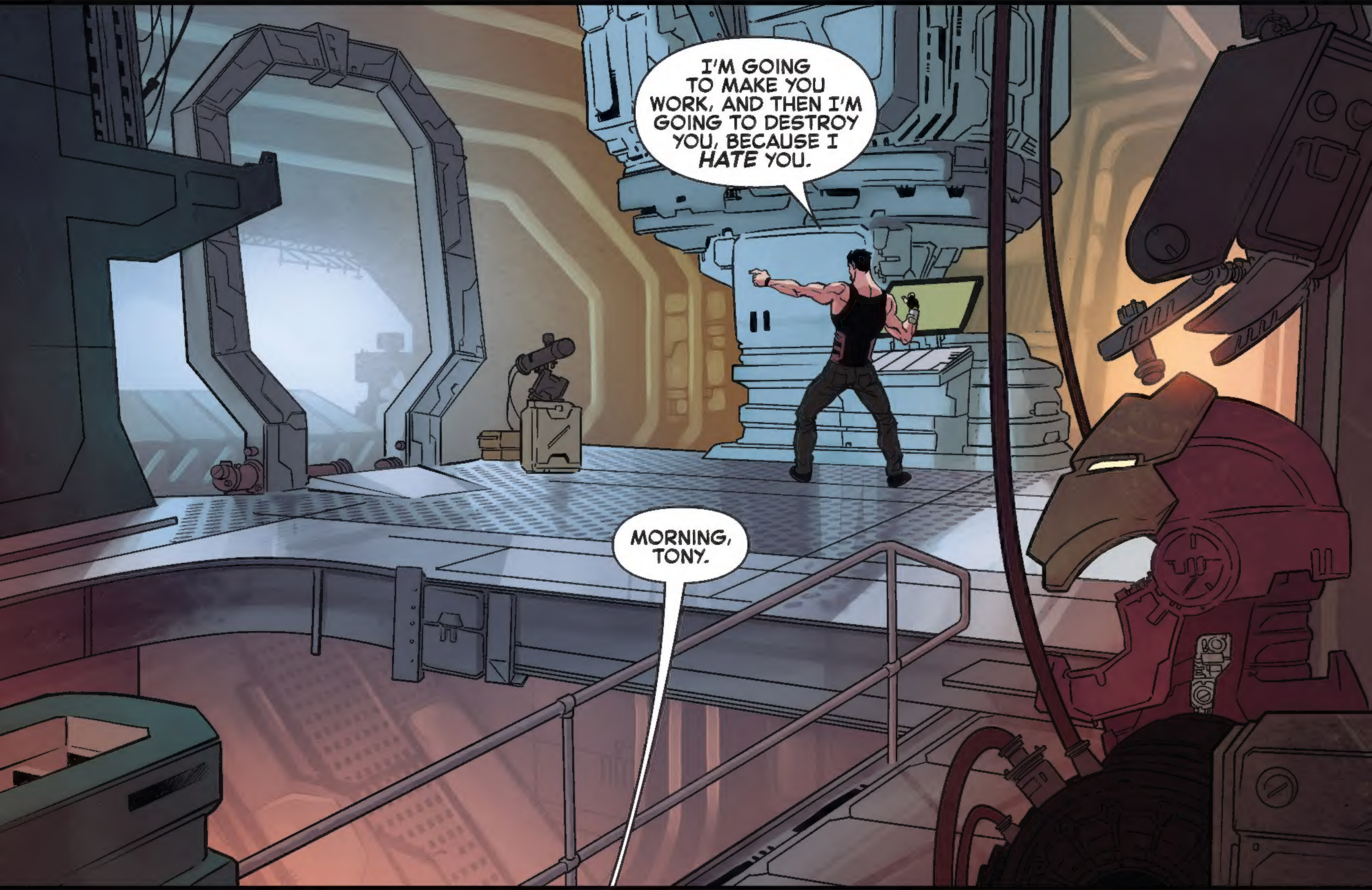
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AVENGERS TOWER.

UGH!
C'MON!



I'M GOING
TO MAKE YOU
WORK, AND THEN I'M
GOING TO DESTROY
YOU, BECAUSE I
HATE YOU.

MORNING,
TONY.



WORKING ON
TWELVE THINGS
AS ALWAYS?

NOPE. ONE
BIG THING. DON'T
REALLY HAVE TIME
RIGHT NOW, HANK.
WHAT'S WRONG? X-MEN
DESTROY THE TIME-
STREAM AGAIN?



REMIND ME AGAIN, WHO OF
US IN THIS ROOM WENT
BACK AND MET KING
ARTHUR?

HE
SMELLED
TERRIBLE,
BY THE WAY.
WHAT'S
UP?



NOTHING
FROM ME TODAY.
JUST DROPPING HIM
OFF. HE'S VERY
EXCITED.

HIM?
HIM WHO?

I BELIEVE YOU KNOW **BROO**, ONE OF OUR MOST GIFTED STUDENTS AT THE JEAN GREY SCHOOL.

MR. STARK, THANK YOU ONCE AGAIN FOR AGREEING TO THIS JOB-SHADOW DAY! I'VE BROUGHT A STUDY BINDER AND PLENTY OF DISCUSSION QUESTIONS!

JOB SHADOW?

I DON'T REMEMBER AGREEING TO THIS.

I DO. YOU DID. HAVE FUN.

I'M BUSY TODAY!

YOU'RE ALWAYS BUSY.

I'M NOT THE X-MEN'S BABYSITTER!

I'VE DIVIDED MY QUESTIONS INTO A VARIETY OF TOPICS TO HELP MAXIMIZE MY INTERNSHIP AND ENSURE VALUABLE HANDS-ON WORKPLACE EXPERIENCE.

...RIGHT.



WHICH
TOPIC SHOULD
WE BEGIN WITH?
DESIGN AND
INNOVATION?
ENTREPRENEURSHIP
AND RISK
ASSESSMENT?

UH, HONESTLY,
NOW'S NOT THE BEST
TIME TO...



PERHAPS
TEAMWORK AND
CONFLICT RESOLUTION?
NETWORKING? I'D LOVE TO
DISCUSS THE CONCEPT OF
FUTURISM IF WE HAVE TIME!
ALSO, WHAT ARE YOU
WORKING ON?

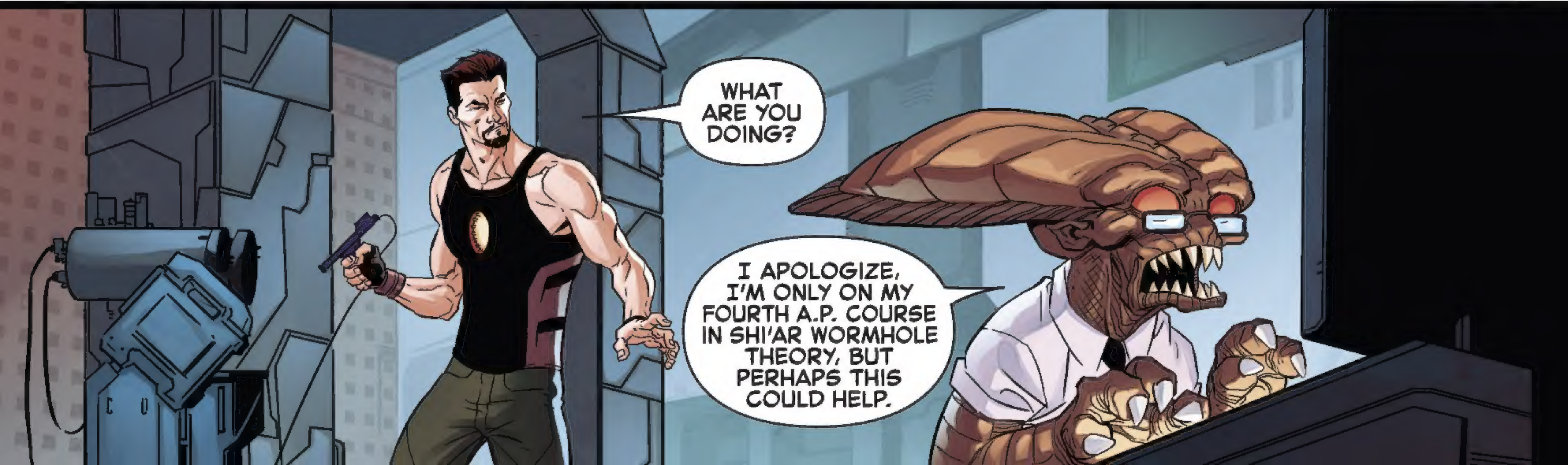


TRYING TO BUILD A
HOMEMADE *SHI'AR STARGATE*.
THESE GUYS CAN POP YOU
ANYWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE.
FIGURED I'D MAKE MY OWN.
BORROWED SOME PARTS
FROM A TALKING SPACE
RACCOON FRIEND
OF MINE...MY LIFE
IS WEIRD.

HAVE
YOU BUILT A
COSMIC WORMHOLE
GENERATOR
BEFORE?



WOULDN'T BE HARD
IF I HAD. IT'S GIVING
ME A HELLUVA FIGHT.
CAN'T SEEM TO GET
THE WORMHOLE TO
STABILIZE ON A FIXED
POINT IN SPACE.
BEEN WORKING ON
IT FOR WEEKS
AND--



WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?

I APOLOGIZE,
I'M ONLY ON MY
FOURTH A.P. COURSE
IN *SHI'AR WORMHOLE*
THEORY, BUT
PERHAPS THIS
COULD HELP.





LEE, PAWNS
OF THE FARMER'S
MARKET! FLEE THE
WRATH OF THE
CHESSMEN!



EXCUSE ME, WAS THE CHESS
THEME YOUR FIRST CHOICE OR
DID YOU EXPERIMENT?
MONOPOLY? BACKGAMMON?
YAHTZEE? I FEEL YOU WOULD
HAVE NAILED CANDYLAND.



CHECKMATE,
STARK!



HEY, A CHESS
TERM! I GET
IT.

THOAT

MY
KALE!

MR.
STARK!

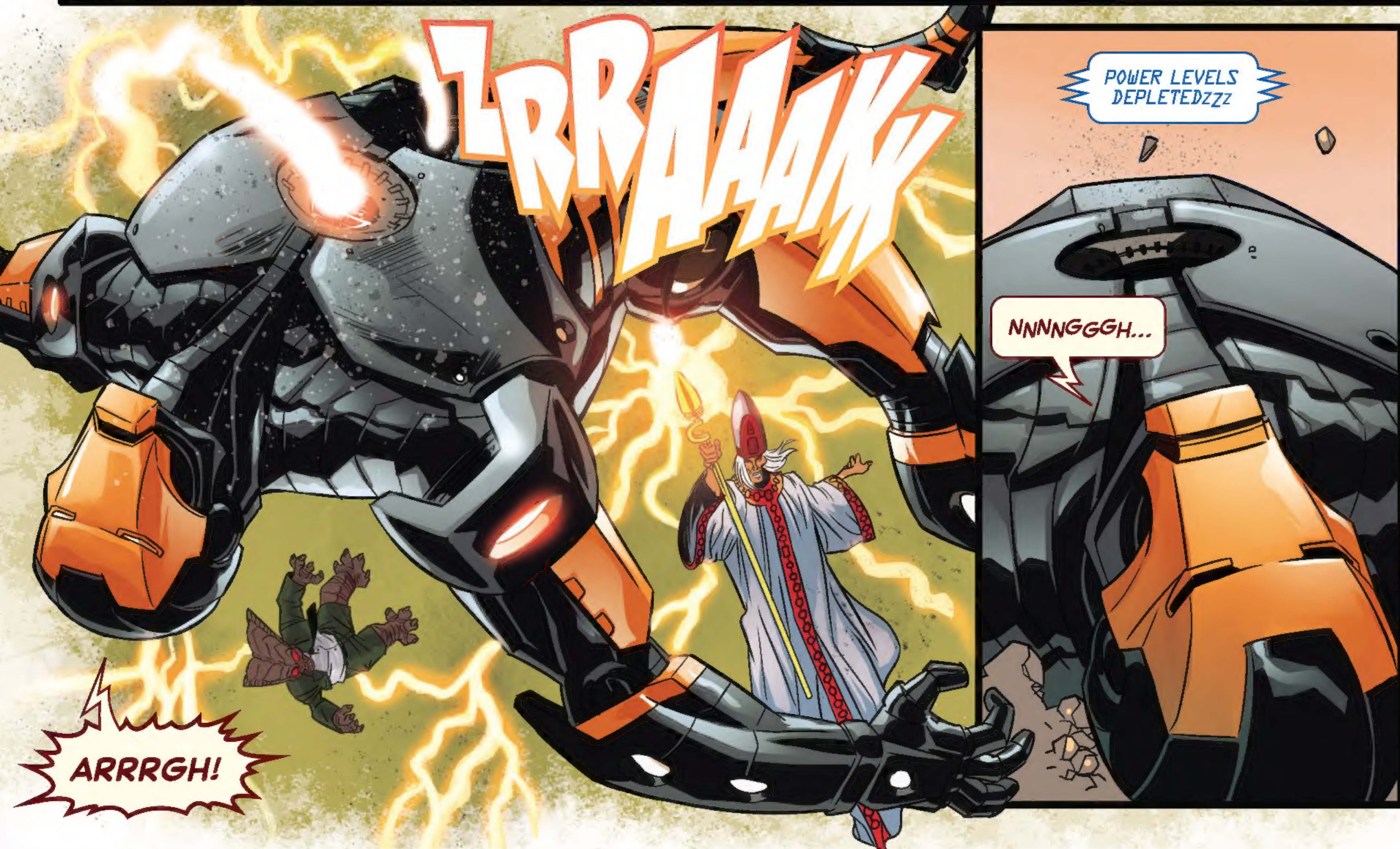
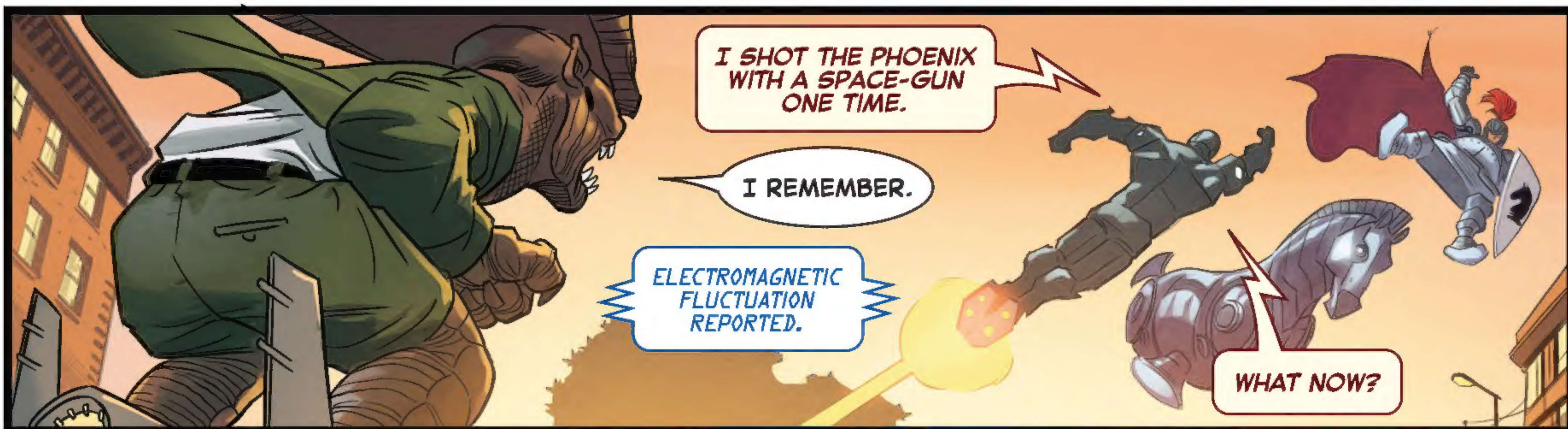


I SOLVED
THE FLYING
ISSUE!

...WONDERFUL.

ALSO, I DID
SOME FILING LIKE YOU
ASKED AND DISCOVERED
A POSSIBLE WAY TO
MAXIMIZE FUTURE STARK
PATENT REVENUE
SO THAT--

NOT.
NOW.
BROO.

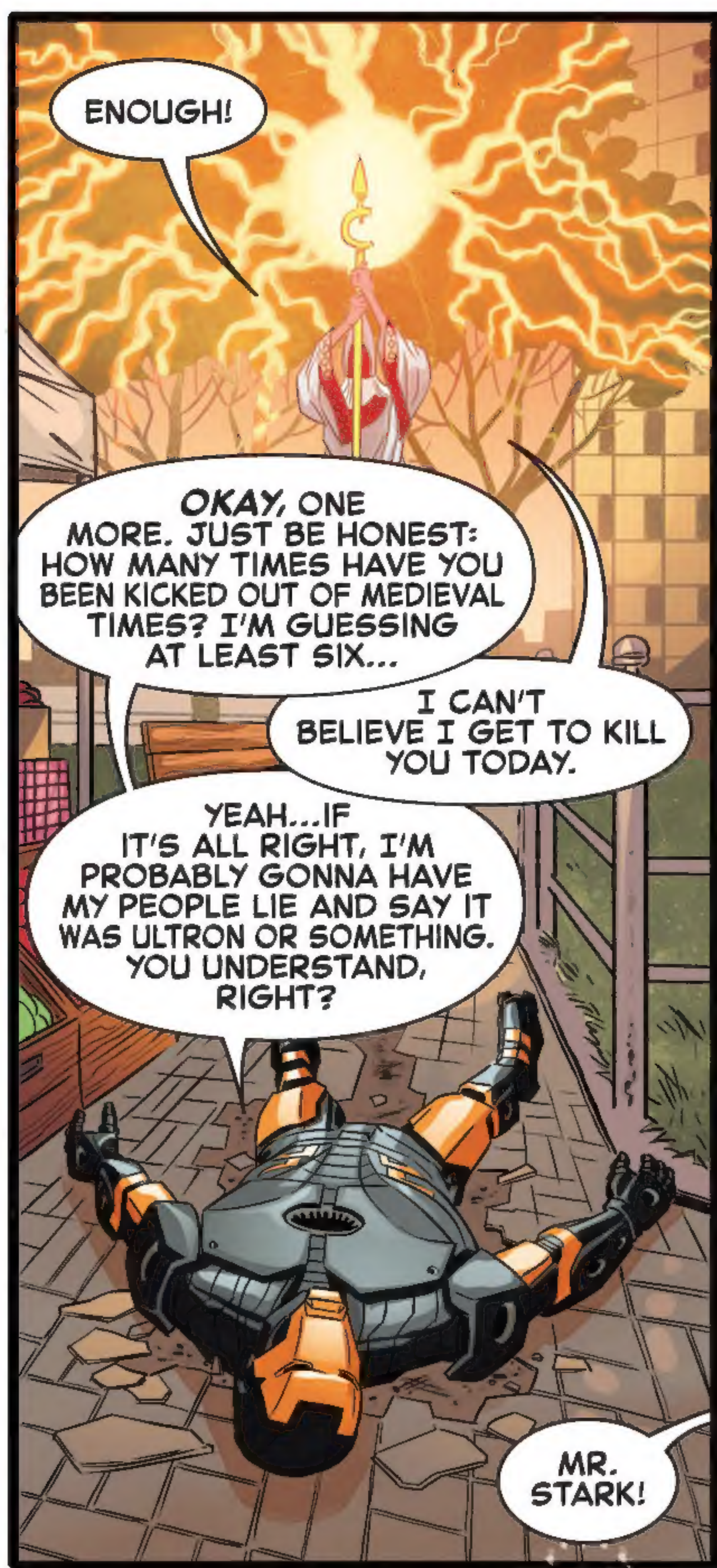




WHAT? NO MORE JOKES, STARK?



CAN'T REALLY LIFT MY HEAD TO SEE... BUT ARE YOU STILL A FULLY GROWN MAN WHO CHOSE TO DRESS UP LIKE A BOARD GAME PIECE? IF SO, I'VE GOT A FEW LEFT.



ENOUGH!

OKAY, ONE MORE. JUST BE HONEST: HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU BEEN KICKED OUT OF MEDIEVAL TIMES? I'M GUESSING AT LEAST SIX...

I CAN'T BELIEVE I GET TO KILL YOU TODAY.

YEAH...IF IT'S ALL RIGHT, I'M PROBABLY GONNA HAVE MY PEOPLE LIE AND SAY IT WAS ULTRON OR SOMETHING. YOU UNDERSTAND, RIGHT?

MR. STARK!



JUST OUT OF CURIOSITY, SIR, BUT THE REPULSOR TECHNOLOGY IN YOUR CHEST...YOU BRILLIANTLY USED A HYPERBOLIC ELECTROTRANSFORMER, RIGHT?

LISTEN, KID, I KNOW YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO HELP, BUT I'M A BIT BUSY...

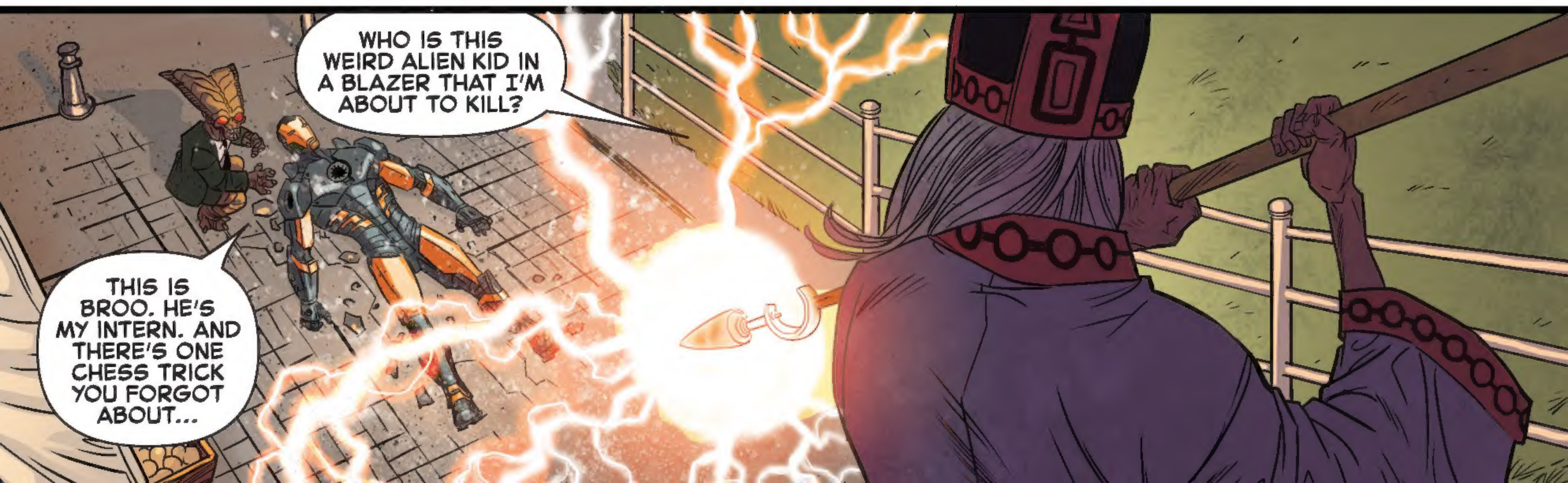
...BEING DEFEATED BY...

...THE CHESSMEN. GO ON.



WHILE YOU TYPICALLY EMPLOY IT FOR BLASTING, ISN'T ONE OF THE INCREDIBLE ASPECTS OF THE PATENT THE ABILITY TO CONVERT ELECTRICITY INTO--

SMART. DO IT.

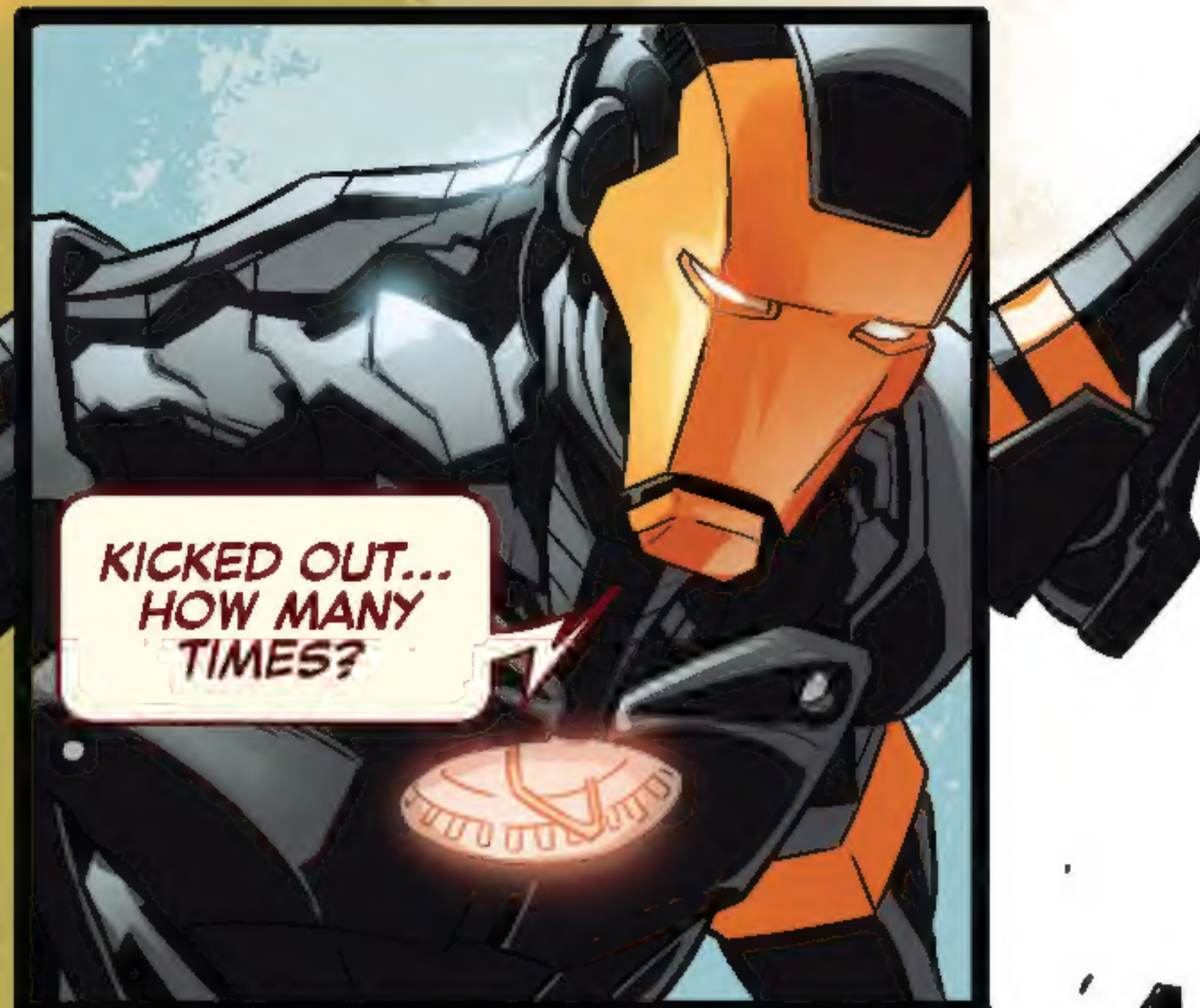


WHO IS THIS WEIRD ALIEN KID IN A BLAZER THAT I'M ABOUT TO KILL?

THIS IS BROO. HE'S MY INTERN. AND THERE'S ONE CHESS TRICK YOU FORGOT ABOUT...



CASTLING!



KICKED OUT...
HOW MANY
TIMES?



EIGHT.



I LOVE
UNDERESTIMATING
PEOPLE.



SMART MOVE
GETTING HIM TO
POWER ME BACK UP...
FIRST TIME SAVING
THE WORLD?

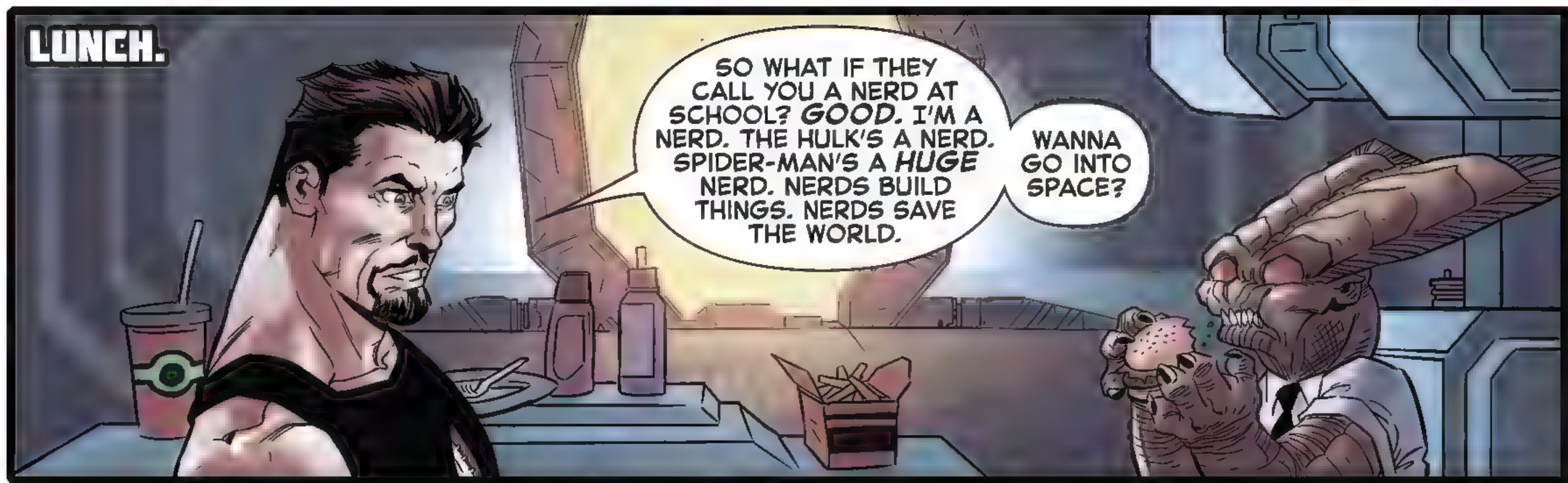
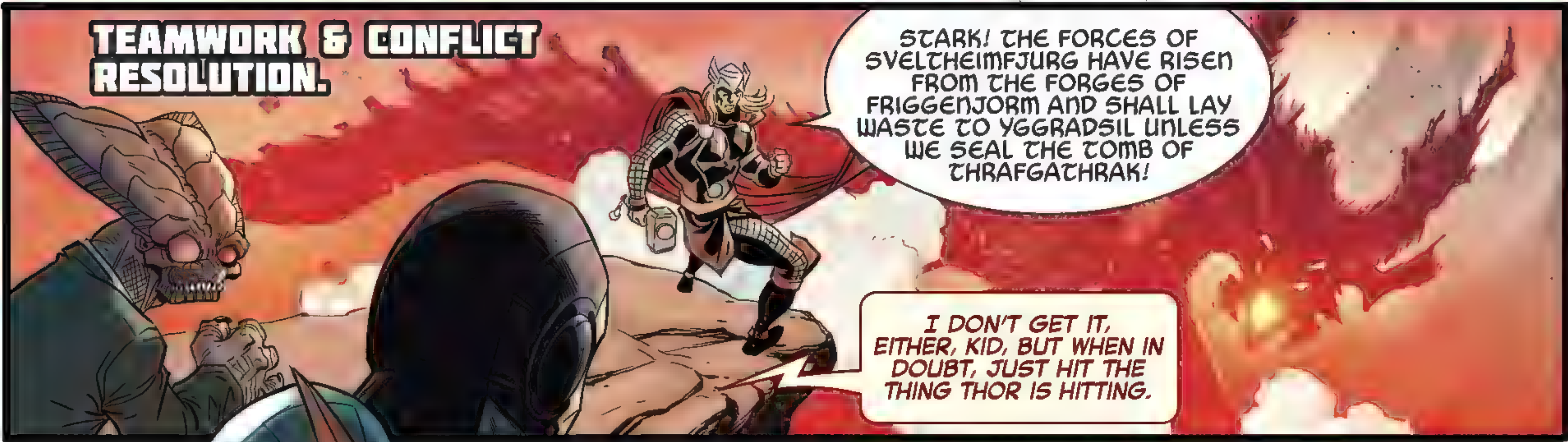
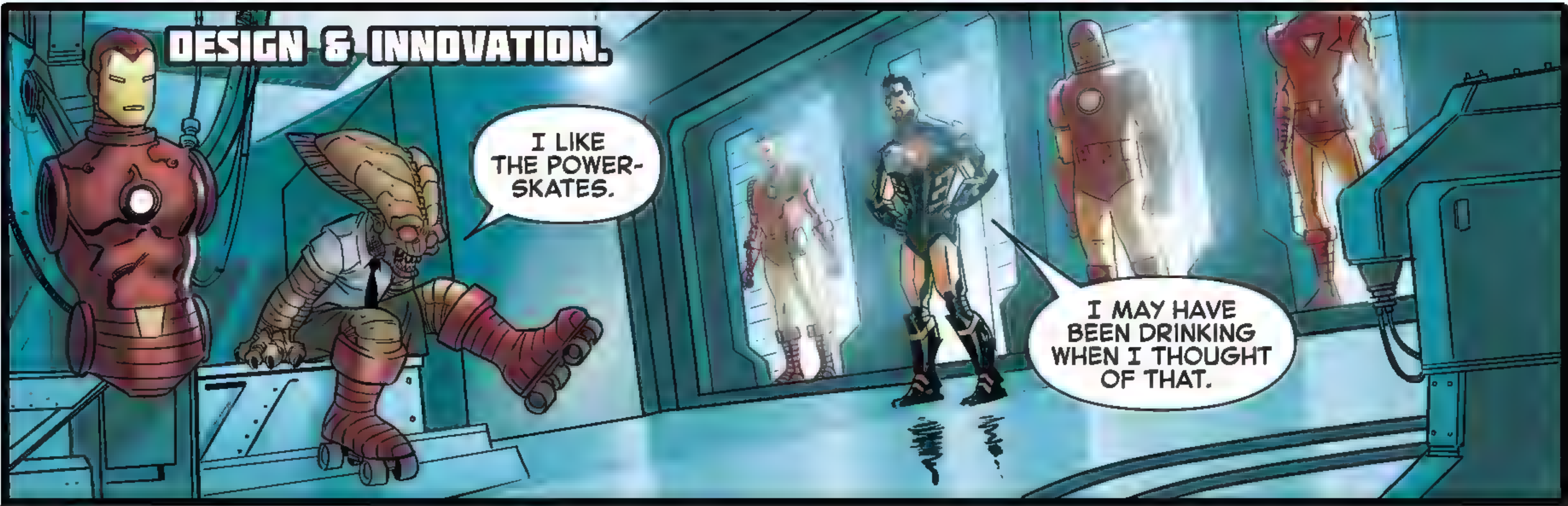
DOES THIS
QUALIFY AS
SAVING THE
WORLD?

NOT REALLY,
BUT I'LL COUNT
IT...JOB SHADOW,
HUH?

YES.
FOR CLASS
CREDIT.



WELL, GRAB
THAT BINDER AND LET'S
GET STARTED.



FUTURISM.

YOU KNOW HOW
BIG THE UNIVERSE
IS, BROO?

NO. IT'S
CONSTANTLY
EXPANDING.

EXACTLY. AND
THAT'S WHY I
LOVE COMING
OUT HERE. IT
REMINDS ME...

THERE'S
NO LIMIT...



SAGITTARIAN RANCH.

MY SEARCH FOR THE SKRULL
WARRIORS HAS LED ME TO THE
MOST UNEXPECTED OF PLACES.
MY PREY HIDES IN THE OPEN
AT SAGITTARIAN RANCH.

I HAD LEARNED ALL I COULD FROM THE WEAK
SKRULL I HAD DETAINED, THEN I LET THAT STAR-
SPANGLED DULLARD CAPTAIN AMERICA FIND
FRESH TEST SUBJECTS FOR ME.

I AM
DOOM.

I SEEK ONLY
THE **MAROONED**
SKRULLS. YOU DON'T
WANT THEM WITHIN
YOUR BORDERS.

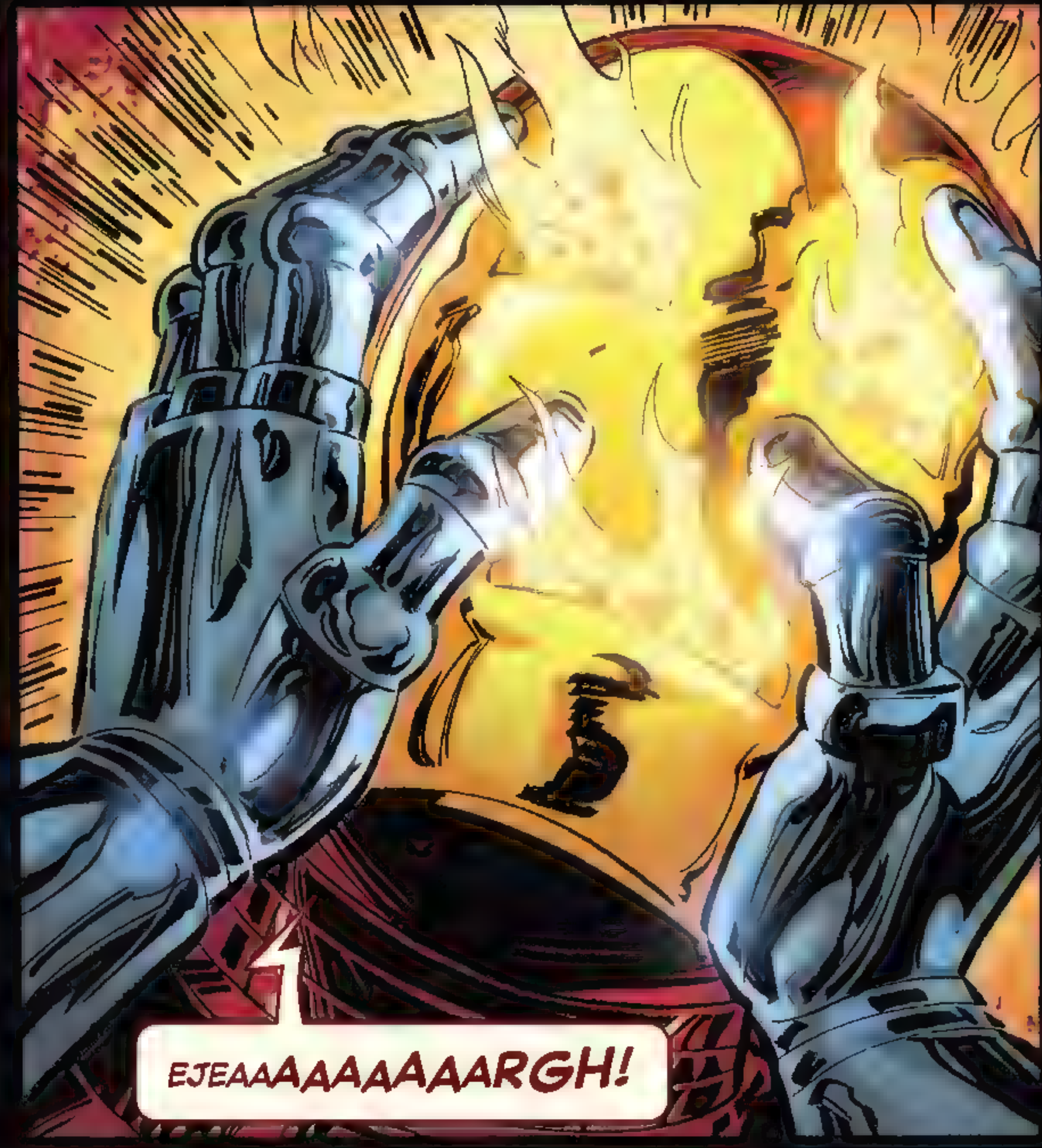
GIVE ME THE
WRETCHES, AND
I SHALL DEPART
AT ONCE.

AMERICA
WAS BUILT BY
WELCOMING THE
WRETCHED.

LISTENING TO
THIS MORON
ALWAYS GIVES
ME A HEADACHE.

THEN
YOU WILL
DIE--ALONE,
IN THIS COW
PASTURE.

YOU'VE MADE A
MISTAKE...





BY FREEING
HIM ONCE AND
FOR ALL...



I THINK I
SHALL CUT THIS
ANIMAL'S VOCAL
CORDS...



AND SPINAL
CORD...



AN ADAMANTIUM SKELETON
CAN'T PROTECT BETWEEN
YOUR VERTEBRAE.

MURDERER!





TONIGHT
YOU DINE WITH
HELA!



I THINK
NOT.

ODIN'S
BLOOD!



NOT ODIN--
DOOM!

AND DOOM
DEFIES THE
GODS!

WAIT...

THIS IS...
BEYOND EVEN
DOOM.

"YEAH, LIFTING MJOLNIR
WAS LAYING IT ON A LITTLE
THICK, Z'CANN."

"SORRY, CAP."



BEGONE FROM MY HEAD, WITCH!

SORRY, HE PUSHED ME OUT

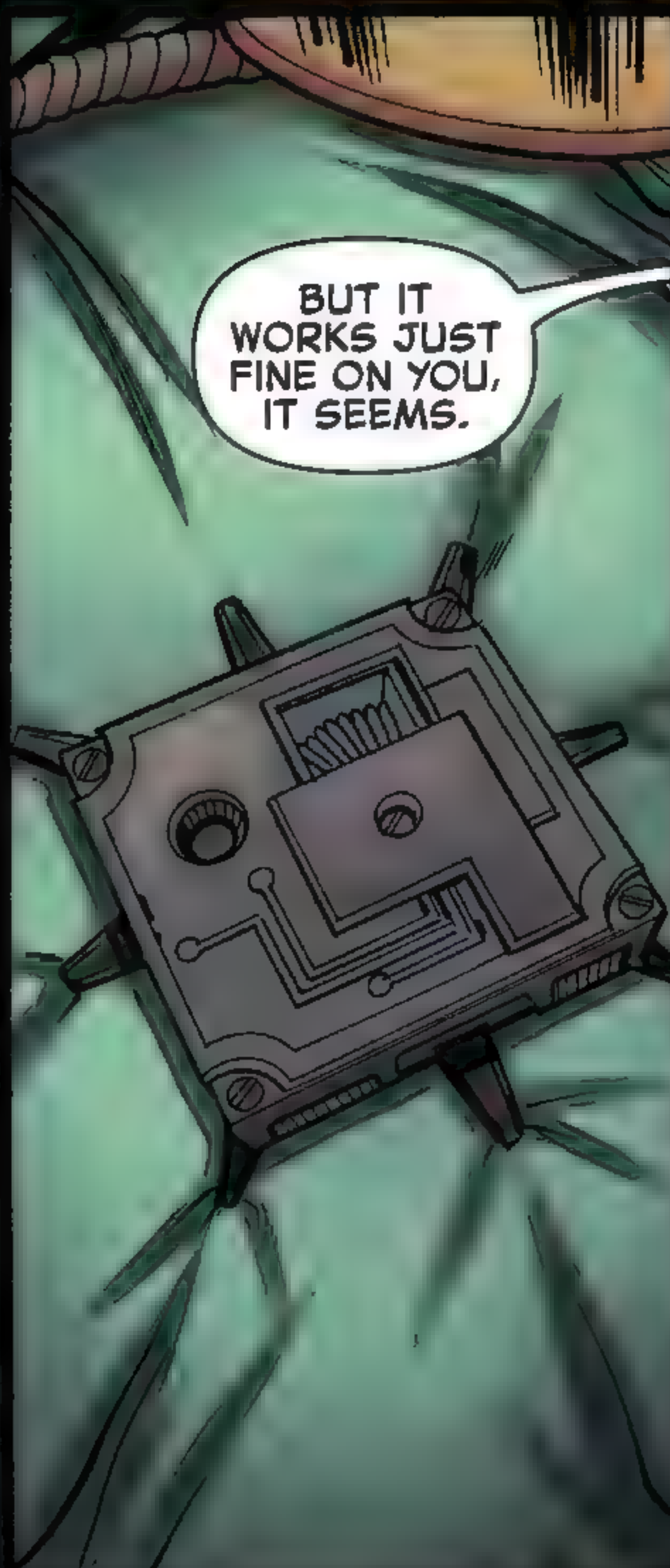
YOU DID GREAT. YOU BOUGHT US A LOT OF TIME, Z'CANN.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO DOOM?!

IT'S A MICRO E-M-P.

YOUR ARMOR IS DEAD.

SOMETHING I THOUGHT OF BACK DURING THE CIVIL WAR... TO BE USED AGAINST SOMEONE ELSE.



BUT IT WORKS JUST FINE ON YOU, IT SEEMS.



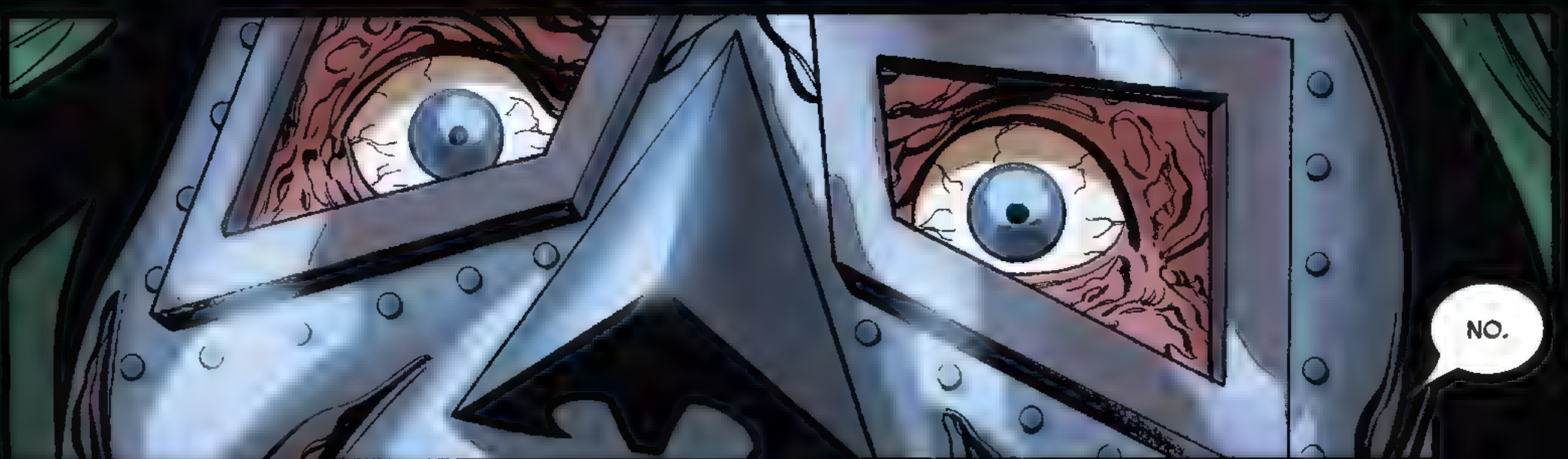
ANT-MAN EXAMINED THE NANO-BOTS YOU DEPLOYED. THEY WERE SYNTHETIC ORGANIC MATERIAL-- MADE FROM SKRULLS. YOU HAD AN ORDINARY SKRULL, BUT YOU WANTED SKRULL WARRIORS TO STUDY.

WAIT-- WHERE IS THE MUTANT?



CYCLOPS?

BY NOW, HE'S HALFWAY THROUGH ATTACKING YOUR LAB AND KNOCKING IT BACK TO THE STONE AGE.



NO.



GIVE ME
A SIT-REP,
SUMMERS.

MEANWHILE
IN LATVERIA!

IT'S ALL
GOING ACCORDING
TO PLAN, CAP.

WE'RE
SCORCHING THE
LATVERIAN EARTH.
WITH DOOM GONE, HIS
ROBOTIC FORCES ARE NOT
GIVING US MUCH
RESISTANCE.

WE WERE
RIGHT THOUGH--
HE'S BEEN ENGINEERING
SHAPE-SHIFTING
ROBOTS.



I JUST TOOK
CARE OF DOOM'S
BACKUP DATA.

THAT JUST
LEAVES WHATEVER IS
IN THIS VAULT.



WAIT--
STOP.

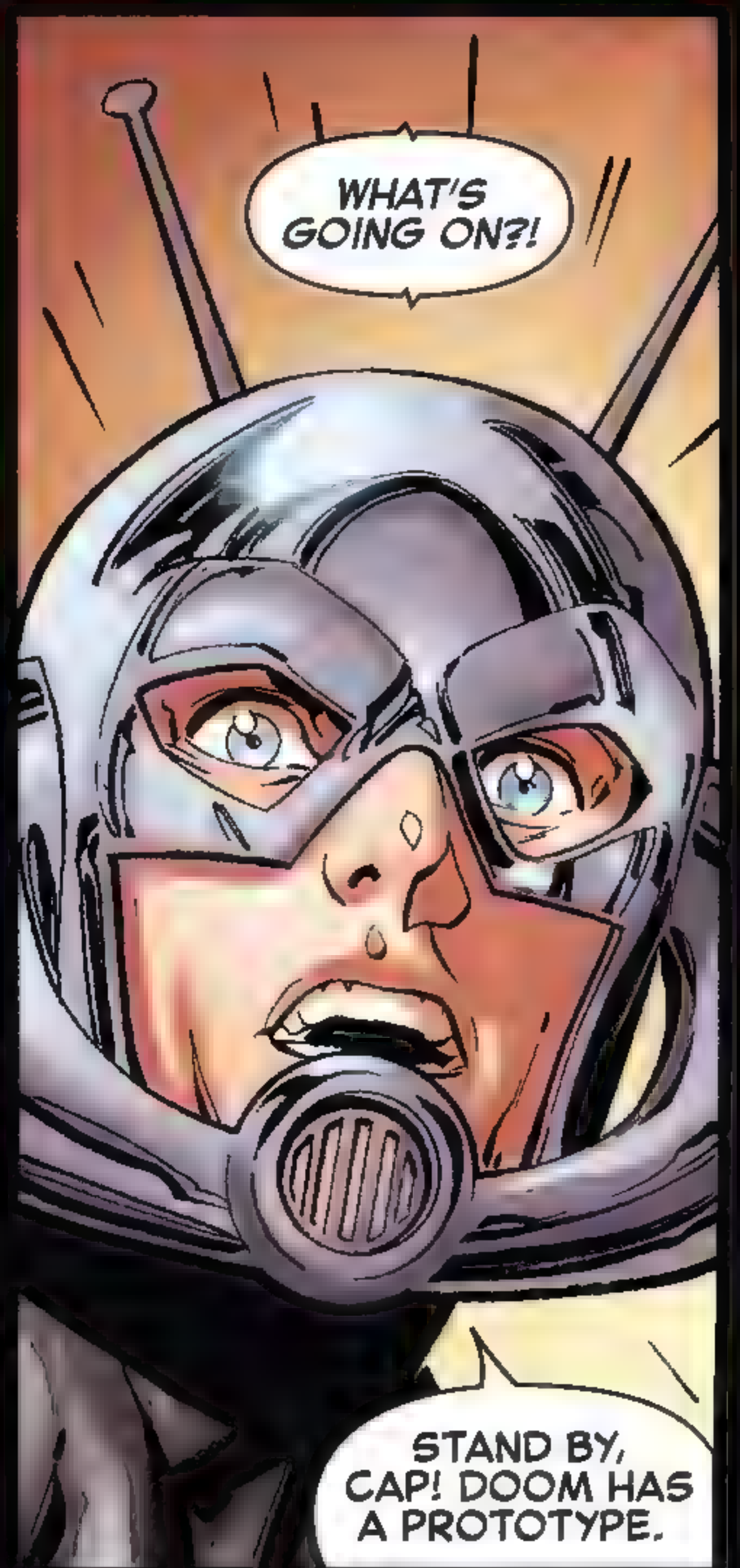
THERE'S A--A
CONSCIOUSNESS.



FATHER?



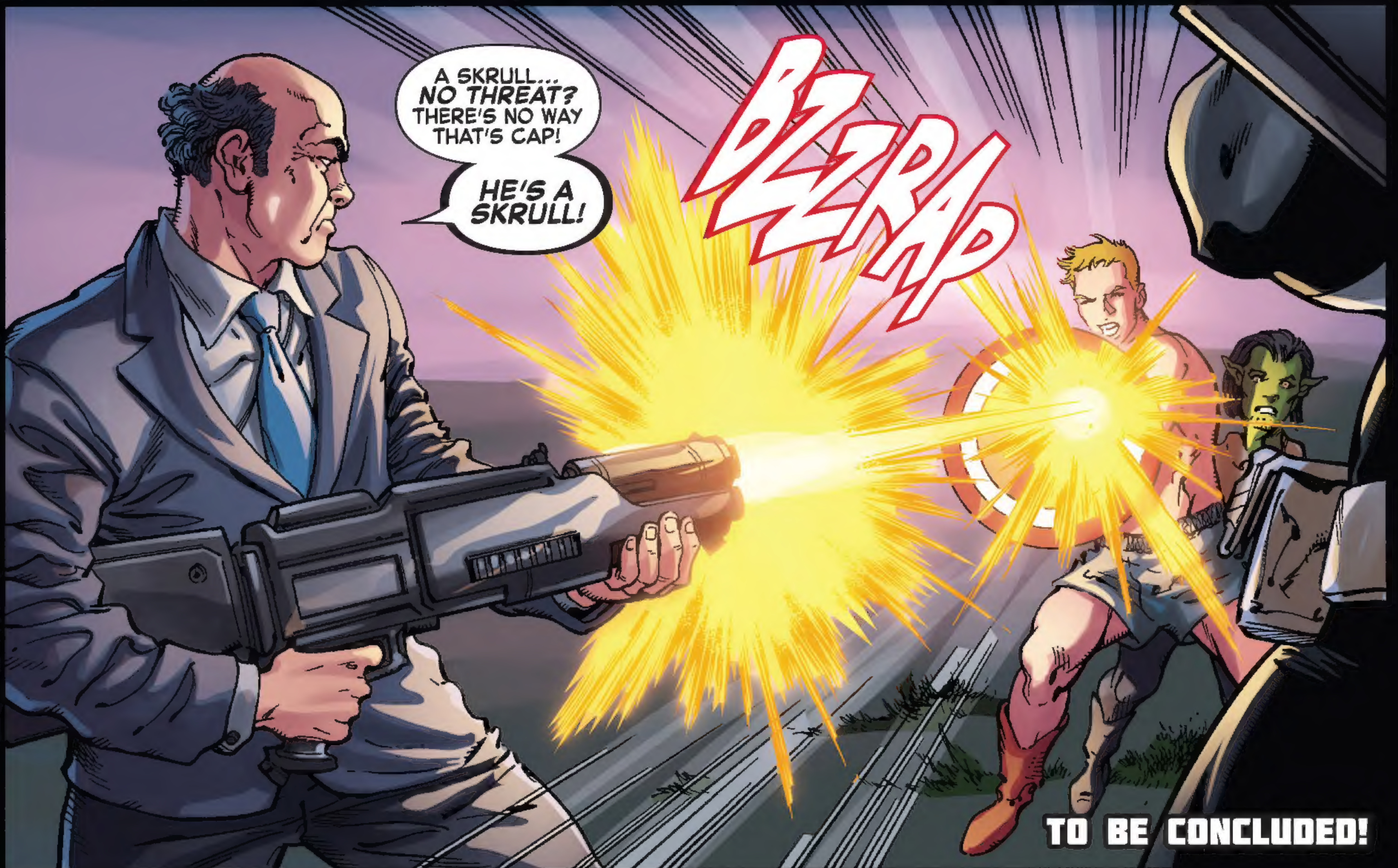
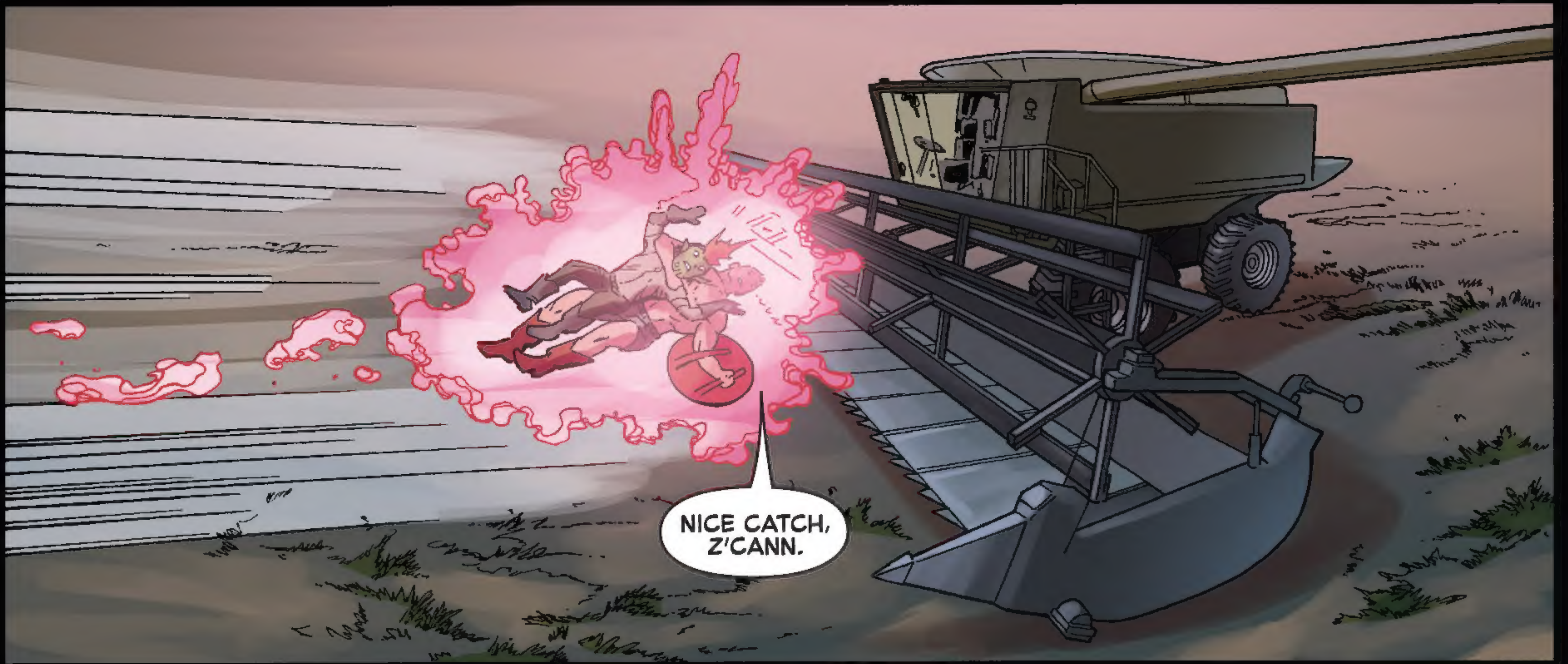
YOU
ARE NOT
FATHER.



WHAT'S
GOING ON?!

STAND BY,
CAP! DOOM HAS
A PROTOTYPE.





NEXT ISSUE:



ZONE

